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F. ALLEN McCURDY.

J. KIRK McCURDY.

TWO ROUGH RIDERS

LETTERS FROM

F. ALLEN McCURDY AND J. KIRK McCURDY

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Who Volunteered and Fought with the Rough Riders during the Spanish American War of 1898

TO THEIR FATHER

J. M. McCURDY

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOSEPH TYLER BUTTS

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INTRODUCTION.

THE *Maine* had been instantly destroyed, carrying down to her piteous doom hundreds of brave loyal Americans. The pulse of the nation beat at fever heat, while the unquenchable fires of patriotism, indignation, revenge and fury which had been slumbering and almost forgotten by this peaceful nation, instantly burst into a seething conflagration. The newspapers were read with intensely drawn muscles, trembling fingers and nervous thrills of cold and heat. All were impatiently awaiting, as a racer at the post, to dash to a mighty revenge and the accomplishment of a chivalric purpose. None but a powerful mind, such as that of our martyred president, and the immortal Sigsbee could have held in check, even for an instant, the fury of a just people.

It was the same volcanic impetus which the guns of Lexington and Sumter called forth, but

which the present younger generation had little conception of, except from hearsay. It was the same flesh and blood, bone and sinew of the patriots, whose spirit burst forth from their limited scope, and made them the most enlightened, generous and unconquerable foe that ever faced an enemy.

The citizens of this law abiding country were bending all their energies to the multitudes of occupations and opportunities which have made these United States so powerful; when the first alarm of battle instantly banished all other thoughts and aims in the irresistible force of an intelligent honest patriotism which brought forth the power of the people; led them to unexampled deeds of bravery, which thrilled the foundation of the land and which future generations shall read and judge.

Men with the power of riches, the might of intellect and the renown of excellence fought shoulder to shoulder with those of coarser mould, forgetting all else save the burning desire to obtain

at any cost the merited punishment of a cowardly foe. Fathers were unable to restrain the eager patriotism of their sons, who, forgetting home, college, or other ties, sought only an opportunity to enlist under the Stars and Stripes.

Roosevelt compares this on-rush of America's best manhood to the spirit of the Vikings which sent this fearless, rival race across the seas.

It was not difficult to raise a sufficient army; the trouble was in rejecting and dooming to disappointment hundreds of the manliest, sturdy warriors the world has ever seen. Colonel Roosevelt could have raised a brigade or even a division, but he was only allowed a regiment, which was fortunately enlarged from seven hundred and eighty to one thousand, giving a number of eager volunteers from the various colleges and high walks of life an opportunity to fight beside the southwestern regiments, who were men accustomed to hard service and a rough, out-door life. How these young men, reared with all the care,

tenderness and interest of devoted parents, acquitted the task set before them is already a matter of history.

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1898, it was with mingled feelings of pride, apprehension, joy and sorrow that Mr. J. M. McCurdy at the Union League Club in Philadelphia, read a telegram from Colonel Roosevelt announcing that his son Allen would be admitted to the Rough Riders, should he report himself immediately. The delight of the boy was much over shadowed by the keen disappointment of his brother Kirk, who was quite as eager to enlist, but could not win the consent of his father, who, with pardonable selfishness, could not bring himself to give up both much loved sons when so many others with much less to live for, and with equal ability and patriotism, were clamoring for the opportunity.

He finally agreed, however, to allow Kirk to accompany his brother as far as New Orleans, which he did; but the strain was too great and an urgent

telegram to his father, who, relying upon the improbability of his second son being accepted, sent the much desired permission to enlist.

Kirk continued with his brother to San Antonio, Texas, where, an hour after their arrival, both brothers passed the required examination, were accepted and sworn in for two years' service. They were assigned to Troop F, Second Squadron, Captain Luna.

The letters which follow are the simple, manly, loving communications of these two young men to their much loved father. They were written, as can be readily seen, with no thought of publication, but in them are lessons of tenderness, sympathy and devotion to a parent, and there are but few young men of the present age who could not find therein a lesson, which should kindle in their selfish souls a deeper realization of their own thoughtlessness and implant a seed of better impulse, higher aims and a realization of the worth and blessing of a devoted parent.

JOSEPH TYLER BUTTS.

J. KIRK McCURDY.

F. ALLEN McCURDY.

TWO ROUGH RIDERS.

On Board "Yucatan,"
Gulf of Mexico.
Wednesday, June 15, 1898.

Dear Father:—The thirty transports and war ships left Tampa Bay yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, and we are now on the way to Key West, where the mail will be taken off. We are going at about seven knots, as several of the boats are side wheelers, and unable to get up much speed. Two of the ships have pontoons in tow which will be used to land the batteries and horses. There is not much chance of our horses being shipped for some time, so we are drilled in the infantry tactics twice a day. Part of the Second Infantry (regulars) are on our boat, and their band plays twice a day, which helps to enliven things. The boat was too crowded, and two companies of the Second were taken off before we left Tampa Point, so that every one now has plenty of room. There was a beautiful sunset

last evening, and the thirty transports and battle ships made a splendid picture. The general impression seems to be that we will land near Santiago de Cuba, but a great many think we are bound for Porto Rico. Several of the men are sea-sick, but as there is a large supply of lemons and chewing gum on hand we hope to avert it.

We each have a pair of running shoes in our locker at Franklin Field, and if you will give Lew my bunch of keys, he can get them. George Turner, the field manager, will show Lew where our locker is, but in case he is not there, I will enclose directions. Please remember me to Lovett.

Your loving son,

ALLEN.

ON BOARD "YUCATAN,"
GULF OF MEXICO.
June 15, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Yesterday afternoon all the transports got under way and are now steaming for Key West where I will mail this letter. Allen and I are both well, and were both vaccinated day before yesterday; we thought it would be a good thing so had it done here on board.

Sunday we went ashore and went to Tampa, where we told the express people to keep our boxes

until we called for them, as it was impossible to get them then, being Sunday. We bought a few eatables and have them with us—a couple of boxes of pickles, sardines and lemons.

The weather is fine and we are enjoying ourselves immensely and are both very well. The food is not so bad, and when one becomes used to it, it is quite good, and as our appetites are fine most anything tastes good. A meal consists of a large tin cup of coffee, corned or roast beef (canned), and either beans or tomatoes, sometimes both and all the hard tack we want. As we have made friends with several men on board we always get something else, and so fare very well.

After we leave Key West there will not be any chance to write for a good while, so if you do not hear from us, it will be because there is no way for mail to go. I believe there is a Post Office to be located when we land, but it will be some time before the mail will be sent to the United States.

When you see Lew, tell him we received his letter and thank him for the clippings; also I enclose one which he wished to be returned.

The transports are steaming in a double line with the *Castine,* a gun boat, at the head of one, and the *Hornet,* a torpedo boat, heading the other, with several smaller boats, the *Helene* and *Annap-*

olis, on the flanks. We continue in this order until we reach Key West to-night, and then we will be escorted by several large battle ships.

With this regiment and on this boat there are two rapid fire and one dynamite gun, with crews from the "Rough Riders."

I will write again as soon as there is any chance of the mail going.

Hoping you are as well as we are, with much love and many, many kisses,

Your loving son,

KIRK.

ON BOARD "YUCATAN,"
OFF SANTIAGO.
June 22, 1898.

DEAR FATHER:—We have been lying here for twenty-four hours, and there is a rumor current we will land at five o'clock, and as it is now four I will finish and mail this letter. As we steamed along the coast about fifty miles back, one of our torpedo boats ran into a harbor and reported it had just been captured by United States marines to be used as a coaling station. After one hundred hours' fighting, without eating or sleeping, Spaniards had 150 killed, 200 wounded and 18 taken prisoners. Marines lost six killed; wounded

not reported. We have a shower every day, and for fifteen or twenty minutes the rain comes down in torrents, after which the sun comes out and the storm disappears as quickly as it came up. To-day during our daily shower we witnessed a water spout towards the coast, and it certainly was a novel sight. We passed a sailing yacht the other day flying the Cuban flag; whereat there was much joy both aboard the Cuban boat and the transports. Morro Castle is plainly visible, and every once in awhile we can see a white puff from one of Sampson's big guns, which makes us think he is shelling the coast preparatory to our landing. Am writing this on the hurricane deck, which accounts for the unevenness of the writing. The wind is very strong, otherwise it would be very hot.

We have been aboard now two weeks and one day, and landing will be a very welcome change. It is very hot below at night, so we "bunk" up here every night, although one of us has to remain here all the day, as "bunking" space on deck is scarce, and claims are continually being "jumped" as the cowboys express it. We will write as soon as a landing is made.

With love and hoping to be with you soon,

Your loving son,

ALLEN.

OFF SANTIAGO.
June 22, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—We arrived here at Santiago last evening, and are now lying outside of the harbor. Sampson's fleet is blockading the harbor, and was firing when we came up. We expect to land to-morrow, after the fortifications have been reduced. Last night the *Bancroft* came alongside and told us there had been a fight at a port which we were passing about twenty-five miles from Santiago east; that after one hundred hours' steady fighting the marines took the town, their loss being six, while the Spaniards lost 150 men, 200 wounded, and 18 prisoners. The Americans fought with great caution and our men were allowed to take no risks; also that our landing would only be made when there was comparatively no danger, and I suppose we will be landed last after the regulars. Allen and I are enjoying the best of health and have not been at all sea-sick; although we have been through several storms. To-day during a thunder storm a water spout passed about two miles to starboard, and was a fine sight. We are both enjoying ourselves immensely, and as we land in a very mountainous country there is little or no danger of our being sick, and if we do get sick we will be put aboard the *Olivette* and taken either to

Tampa or Key West. The sanitary arrangements are good; everything cleaned every morning and disinfectant spread around. There is very little sickness in the morning, mostly colds and sea-sickness.

No one expects the war to last more than a few months, so you must expect us back by fall. We will take the best possible care of ourselves, and I think we should both return all right. I hope that you are very well, and will not worry about us as we are all well and safe, and as we have good commanders I do not think we will be in much danger.

With lots of love to my dear father and many, many kisses,

Your loving son,

KIRK.

NINE MILES FROM SANTIAGO.

June 25, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—We landed at a small mining settlement Wednesday morning after the gunboats and *Indiana* had shelled the place for two hours and driven the Spaniards to the mountains, camped there over night and marched ten miles Thursday evening to another coast town which the Spaniards left that morning after a

fight with a Cuban regiment and our gun-boats. Yesterday morning we made a forced march from five until seven o'clock when we ran into an ambush. The Spaniards were very strongly placed, but after two hours' fighting of the hardest kind we routed them and are now camped on their stronghold. Our troop had the extreme left of our advance skirmish line and with "L" troop (the extreme right) bore the brunt of the work.

In our fighting squad of ten men five were wounded (two mortally) and one killed; the man on my right was shot through the lungs and second man on my left was killed, so you can see how hot the fighting was. The Spaniards left two wagon loads of ammunition and all sorts of supplies and clothing. We lost everything, but after a long hunt yesterday afternoon and evening found all our things and are now comfortably fixed in our tent. Howard has not joined us, and we believe his troop is still at Tampa. We had our burial service this morning. They say the Spaniards left four hundred dead, but the exact number has not been determined as we are too busy gathering our own dead and wounded.

Several regiments have gone ahead of us towards Santiago so our next fight will not be so severe with our regiment. We have only one envelope, so will you please mail the enclosed let-

ters to the addresses on them? We expect Santiago to surrender soon, and will then be home in a few months. The marching is very hard work and we have dispensed with all unnecessary articles and cut our blankets to make our packs lighter.

With love and hoping to be home soon,

Your loving son,

ALLEN.

NEAR SANTIAGO.

June 25, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Yesterday was my birthday, and I had a novel present. About seven o'clock after marching since five over mountains, we ran into about four or five thousand Spaniards strongly placed, with a rapid fire gun on a high mountain. Our troop is the second troop in advance, and when the fire opened we deployed as skirmishers to the left, and encountered the Spaniards in a block house and an open field, with our advance covered by their rapid fire gun on the distant hill.

We fought for two hours and a half and drove the Spaniards from their position, and are now encamped on their ground. The Spaniards left their provisions and killed, and retreated to Santiago. Allen and I escaped without a scratch, al-

though five men in our squad were wounded and one killed within ten yards of us. In the two troops that were in the front, there were nine killed and sixty wounded. We have just had the funeral, and are now about nine miles from Santiago, and for awhile will take our position in the rear.

In the first volley I had my hat knocked off, also my bugle and haversack. I will keep these things as they are curiosities. We are both well and having a good time. When you write will you please enclose some money, as we have none and need it, as rations are scarce, and we need money for food. Mail two letters with some in each, we will then be sure of one. I hope you are well and having a good summer.

With much love and very many kisses,

Your loving son,

KIRK.

SANTIAGO NINE MILES.

June 28, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Day before yesterday (Sunday) we marched five miles, and are now encamped nine miles from Santiago. This is a fine location for a camp—water within a hundred yards and a good open field free from brush for our tents. The creek is about the size of Pike Creek (that runs through our farm)

and is lined on both sides by fine shade trees. We are liable to camp here some time as the roads are only about three feet wide, and have to be widened in order to bring up the artillery and siege guns. Spies are captured every day, and the troops send out scouting parties continually. This is the garden spot of Cuba and a finer country I never saw. There are mountains all round us covered with cocoanut and mango trees, with a few pineapple and limes scattered here and there. Mango is a fruit about the size of a large pear, and when boiled in sugar makes a fine jelly. It is very good either raw or fried, and serves as a substitute for butter. The siege guns and artillery will do the brunt of the work at Santiago, and we expect to occupy the town before a month passes. Our daily shower is coming up, so I will close. We met Richard Harding Davis yesterday and had quite a talk with him.

With love. Your loving son,

ALLEN.

Please save the accounts of Friday's engagement for us. Davis is writing a monthly account for *Scribner's* or *Harper's,* which also please keep. Please remail the enclosed letters.

June 28, 1898.

DEAREST FATHER:—As Allen has told you about our camp I will tell you about the food. Every day rations are issued consisting of a large slice of bacon and fat, two spoonfuls of sugar and the same of coffee, one-tenth of a pound can of tomatoes, and fifteen hardtack, which is plenty, so we are faring finely. We have become experienced cooks, and have several varieties of things—mango boiled in sugar, which is fine and like apple sauce; fried in sugar, it is like sweet potatoes; we also have hardtack fried in bacon grease which is about as good as anything toasted, we also soak about four hardtack in water until it is dough, add salt, then mix in coffee, fry in bacon grease, put a little sugar on top and enjoy it to its full extent; so you see we have all varieties to eat.

We are both in fine health, and are having a good time, and as we have come through about as hot a fight as possible, there is now every chance of our coming home soon. I never thought we could do what we have done. Those marches were pretty tough and lots of strong men gave out. Our load was pretty heavy. We carry our pajamas, underclothes and other articles rolled in a heavy blanket which is rolled in a half tent and covered by a rubber blanket; this goes over our shoulders.

We have a carbine, one hundred rounds of ammunition in a belt, a canteen, a haversack with three days' rations (generally), and axe, pick or shovel, which is a pretty good load to carry four or five miles in the hot sun, but we both stand it well and feel all the better for it at night, when we sleep like rocks. We get up at four thirty, breakfast at five, dinner at noon, supper at five or six, and in bed by nine o'clock; we have a nice place to bathe and wash our clothes, and if we are only fixed like this always we will return in good health, although not quite so fat.

I hope that you are very well and will take a good rest during the summer whenever you can, and when we come back we can all enjoy the farm more than ever. With lots of love to my dear father, and many kisses and wishes for his good health, I am Your loving son,

KIRK.

NEAR SANTIAGO.
June 29, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—We wrote you yesterday, but forgot to mention about our shoes. Will you please send us each a pair of heavy russet shoes? Kirk wishes his half a size larger than the last pair he bought from Miles, but I would like mine

the same size. Do not send high boots, as they are too hot and heavy with our leggings over them. We have to wear leggings to protect ourselves from the heavy brush and thickets we travel through. Have leather strings put in, also several extra pair of strings and one tooth brush. The only way you can possibly get them here is by mail, so please put a pair in a box, as two pair in one box would be too heavy for mailing. There is a rumor here to-night of an armistice, and if that is so of course do not send the shoes. Please do not send us the clothes you said you would order as we do not wish them until we reach the States. The size of the leggings is No. 1 army leggings to match the cloth in the suit. The suit consists of trousers, leggings and blue army shirt. Kirk wishes trumpeter stripes on trousers (two stripes about one-eighth inch apart, stripes one-quarter inch broad, and a yellow bugle on the blue shirt on each arm half way between the elbow and shoulder. Please have the clothes made and keep for us. When we return we will probably stay at Tampa some time, and will get you to send them there. These are the same clothes we spoke to you about at Tampa. None of the men have coats, and if you have not already ordered them do not do so.

With much love, Your loving son,

ALLEN.

June 29, 1898.

DEAREST FATHER:—Unless there is a prospect of our immediate return, you had better send the shoes, as we will need them badly. If possible put a package of tea in each shoe, as it is quite a change from coffee; would be glad if you would send the shoes and undershirts (two apiece); no drawers, as we have them.

Your loving son,

KIRK.

P. S.—The leggings are cavalry leggings and reach about four inches below the knee.

KIRK.

NEAR SANTIAGO.

July 5, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Since writing to you we have moved on to Santiago and have had three days' fighting, and a two-days' truce has been declared which terminates at ten o'clock to-day. Our forces are working their way into Santiago although there have been quite a number killed and wounded, but the Spaniards killed are by far greater and our men are advancing steadily every day. Allen and I are both unhurt, although our regiment has been to the front from the first, and I think Santiago will surrender in a day or so. Yes-

terday Sampson sunk four and captured one of the Spanish war ships without losing a man, while the Spanish loss was large. After the fall of Santiago, I believe we go to Porto Rico to finish the Spaniards there, and then we will be home again with you. I do hope you are taking care of yourself and will not get sick, for when we come home we want to find our dear father well, so that we can have a good rest with him at the farm. Allen will write to you soon and will tell you all the news. I hope you are not worrying about us, as we are both well and enjoying ourselves as much as possible.

I would write more to you now but I have not the time, but will write a long letter to you from Santiago. Good-bye, dear papa, and remember about your health.

Your own loving son,

KIRK.

P. S.—We received a letter from Mr. Jamison to-day.

KIRK.

OUTSKIRTS OF SANTIAGO, CUBA.

July 7, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—We are lying on a hill in front of Santiago with the Spanish rifle pits two

hundred yards in front on another hill. The town is in plain view, and is a very pretty place where we expect to have a good time, if they do not burn it before we get in. Last Thursday, June 30th, we broke camp and marched three miles to a block house near a large hill. There we camped over night, and the next morning the battle opened at half past six. We were under cover of one of our batteries for fifteen minutes, and were then marched two miles and proceeded to take a strong position on a steep hill. After firing from the woods for an hour, we charged up the hill and the Spaniards retreated to another fortified hill three hundred yards towards Santiago. After firing on them for another half hour we charged the next hill, and the Spaniards again retreated to a hill further towards the town. This continued all day and was very hard work, several boys being sunstruck and exhausted by the heat. Our loss was heavy, but we escaped without a scratch except those made by the "Spanish needles" (a sort of cactus) and wire fences. We took a strong position at dusk and remained there that night digging trenches and rifle pits. Saturday the Spaniards opened fire at dawn hoping to drive us from our position, but we held the hill and are still here. Ever since Saturday we have been digging pits and making bomb proofs. The Spaniards have had

a flag of truce up for the last three days, and nobody knows when the battle will open. Hobson was exchanged yesterday, and we are all hoping the Spaniards will surrender to-day. They cannot retreat any further, and if we advance three hundred yards we will be in the town.

I hope you are well. Please do not worry about us as we take the best of care, and hope to be home in time to eat Christmas dinner with you at the farm. The day the battle opened we piled our stuff in the road and left a guard over it. He was hit by a piece of a shell, and was taken to the hospital, and two days afterward when some of our troop went back, all our bundles had been opened, and most of our things stolen. We found two of Kirk's razors and a bundle of letters, which is all we have left except two University of Pennsylvania jerseys. We have since got hold of blankets and ponchos (rubber blankets), and are pretty comfortable. None of our boys have tents, but we could not put them up if we had them, so they are not missed much. Our chief surgeon received a letter from Dr. Adler and I had quite a talk with him yesterday. Richard Harding Davis is with us, and is a very interesting man. He always has a large audience, and seems to enjoy talking to the boys. We are in the pits from six to ten hours a day, and there are many anxious

eyes watching the flag of truce all day. I have to go on guard soon, so will close.

With much love,

Your loving son,

ALLEN.

SANTIAGO, CUBA.
July 8, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—The Spaniards have until to-morrow at noon to surrender, and the impression is they will give up without any more useless resistance. They asked for truce until to-morrow in order to confer with Blanco in Havana. It is said the Spanish Volunteers have refused to go into their rifle pits, and the regulars are on the point of mutiny. Women and children have been coming through our lines for the last few days, and they say every house is filled with Spanish wounded and dead. We have been working very hard at night ever since we have been camped here, digging rifle pits and making those already dug more bullet proof. Last night we dug pits from ten until twelve, and then guarded a finished pit until four this morning, when we were relieved until four this afternoon. It is hard to keep awake as we are not allowed to say a word. In the day time we can see the Spaniards changing guard, so you can imagine how close we are to

their lines. The sky is black with buzzards and we send out searching parties every day to look for dead Spaniards, and bury them as quickly as possible in order to keep the camp healthy. One of our troop who was sent back on an errand found our U. of P. jerseys and flag and our letters and diary, so we consider ourselves lucky, as most of the boys lost everything they had. We owe our fraternity at the University some dues on the first of August, but have forgotten the exact amount. Will you please get Lovett to write to Warren P. Humphreys, Bryn Mawr, Penna., and he will either call at the office or write you the amount. We forgot about this until the other day. He has been in the office several times, and will explain to you how much we owe. I have not found an envelope in which to mail this, and expect to have quite a hunt, as they are very scarce, and those the boys have are stuck together and otherwise dilapidated. Please remail the enclosed letter to the address on the first page, and when you write again enclose a few envelopes and sheets of paper, as we have but three sheets left and cannot get any at present.

With much love,

Your loving son,

ALLEN.

The Flag, the University of Pennsyivania colors, originally red and blue, was carried during the term of service in the United States and in Cuba, usually on their tent. The names on it are the batties they were in, as follows: Daiquiri, June 22d. '98: Las Guasimas, June 24th; San Juan, July 4th; Siege and Surrender of Santiago, July 2d-17th, 1898.

NEAR SANTIAGO.
July 8, 1898.

MY DEAREST FATHER:—Allen and I are both very well, and have come through this fight without a scratch. I hardly think there will be much more fighting, as there has been a truce since last Sunday, and there is a report of the foreign powers interfering, as the Spaniards have violated most all international laws by firing on and killing Red Cross men carrying stretchers, and have used explosive bullets, also have fired out of their own hospitals, and have fired from under the white flag. Every one is hoping that the war will soon be over. At Siboney where our hospital is there is quite a town, also a post office and commissary store. They have about twenty-five large tents, and about five houses where the wounded are cared for, and to-day I believe they are sending the sick and wounded back to the States.

Our men are entrenched all around Santiago, and have the Spaniards completely hemmed in, so that there is no hope for them but to surrender. A good many have already surrendered; just simply marched in and laid down their arms. The other evening Hobson passed through Siboney on his way to our ships, and as I was in the town that night I had the opportunity of shaking hands with him.

There is no fighting going on to-day, and the truce is extended day by day. I do not know why, as there are so many rumors that it is hard to believe any.

We hope that you are very well, and are not working too hard nor worrying about us, for we are all right, and will soon be home again with you. Allen will write at the first opportunity, and sends his love to you, with much love for my dear father, and many, many kisses,

Your loving son,

KIRK.

P. S.—We will both write as soon as we reach another town. Good-bye, dear papa. I am sure we will soon be home again with you, and we will both enjoy all the more the pleasures you have gained for us. Hoping you are very well, with lots of love from Your loving son,

KIRK.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.
July 20, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—After writing you several days ago, we broke camp and recamped on another part of the entrenchments three miles to the right. Sunday, 17th, the Spaniards stacked their arms

and the American flag was raised over Santiago. All the regiments were lined along the pits, and when the salute was fired, there was great cheering and enthusiasm. Your mail has gone astray, as we have not received a letter from you since leaving Tampa. Mr. Jamison has written us five or six letters, and we have heard from several other friends, also one from Lew. Monday we moved again and are now encamped five miles from Santiago, on the best camping ground we have had. There is a high hill close by, surmounted by a Spanish block house. From the top of the hill we can get a fine view of Santiago and the entire harbor which is now filled with our transports and supply ships. We have lost two men from our troop and a great many are on their way to the States suffering from wounds and sickness, but we are feeling first rate and in good condition. Seventy men left Tampa with our troop—the other day at roll call thirty-eight reported for duty. The non combatants have been going into Santiago since Sunday and some of the people look hardly able to walk. The children are naked and about half the people are barefooted. There are a few respectable-looking people who have managed to keep their horses and carriages, but they all have a hungry look and seem glad the Spaniards have been defeated. There is a rumor that we are going to the States

soon, but you will probably know our destination before we do. One of the boys received some paper from home and gave us this sheet and envelope. With love. Your loving son,

ALLEN.

July 20, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—We have been looking every day for a letter from you, but have not received any since leaving Tampa, although we have received several from Mr. Jamison and some girls, also one from Lou. Will you tell him to write again, as we cannot write to him on account of having no paper or pencil. We are camped now about ten miles from Santiago, in a very pretty camp. It is reported that we are here for quarantine, and that we will either return to the States or Porto Rico. The condition of the regiment is not good; yesterday there were one hundred and fifteen men on the sick report, which is not very good, as there are only about three hundred and fifty men in the regiment.

Every one in camp seems to think that the war is almost over, although it is very doubtful, but every one would be glad to receive the news of Spain's surrender, as the life here has been very hard. Now we are getting a good rest, and both Allen and I

are in fine health. When we were before Santiago the work in the trenches was pretty hard, every man having to stand six hours' watch in the day or night and one night two-thirds of the troop were in the pit from 6:30 in the evening until 6:30 the next day, and all that time the rain came down in torrents, but after drying out and getting some sleep, we felt all right again, so I guess we are pretty healthy.

When you write to Lou tell him we have received his letter and tell him to write again; you must have written to us, but we have heard nothing from you. I hope you are well and not working too hard. We both hope to be home soon, and hope to find you well. We are both in good health, and take good care of ourselves. With love to all and lots of love to you and many kisses,

Your loving son,

KIRK.

NEAR SANTIAGO,
SANTIAGO DE CUBA, CUBA.
July 24, 1898.

MY OWN DEAR FATHER:—We had quite a surprise to-day when we received your very welcome letter, as it is the first that we have received from

you since landing, although we have written, once, twice, and sometimes more every week.

The money was safe and we were really in need of it, as we had to borrow a dollar and a half, which we have paid. We are now about four miles from Santiago, and can buy many delicacies and some souvenirs also; but more important than all, clothes when we need them. For a day or so my shoes were pretty bad, but some one gave me a bag of tobacco, which I traded for a pair of shoes; the tobacco was worth twenty cents, and the shoes probably three dollars, as they are good and strong and durable, although not water-tight. During the fight, tobacco advanced to ten dollars for an ordinary twenty-cent bag, and other things accordingly, but now our fighting is over and we are getting a much-needed rest back in the mountains, and every one is hoping to be back again in the States in the near future.

There is a great deal of tropical fever, but it only lasts for a week or so, and then one is as well as ever. As yet no one in our regiment has had either small-pox or yellow fever, and we seem to be, as a whole, pretty healthy. Of course the sun knocks out the strongest, yet Allen and I are still well, and will continue so as long as possible. We have met Dr. Church, and he told us to come at once to him whenever we felt the slightest sick-

ness, which we will certainly do. Our stomach bands have been worn night and day, and I guess that accounts for our good health.

We have not as yet received our boxes, but will look for them; we received Lew's letter a day or so ago, and now that we have paper we will write to him at once; Mr. Jamison has been exceedingly good to us, as we have received at least two dozen letters from him—five to-day—and every one is full of interest and good news, and are always welcomely received.

If either one of us gets sick we will wire you from Santiago, which will be easy, as Lieutenant Keyes, now an adjutant, seems to take a personal interest in both of us. He is a fine fellow, and does everything he can for us.

Do not wait long, dear papa, before writing to us, as we like to hear just how you are, and we do not know whether you are sick or well, if you do not write. Every letter will be as welcome as the one we waited over a month for. The mail is pretty sure to be delivered now, as it comes direct to Santiago.

I forgot to tell you that Captain Luna was on the staff of Colonel Wood, who is Governor General of Santiago de Cuba.

Sergeant Sherman was taken sick June 25th, and sent home, and we have not heard from him.

I must close now, dear papa, hoping that you are well, and will not work hard during the hot months, and will take good care of yourself. With lots of love and kisses, from your

Loving son,

KIRK.

NEAR SANTIAGO, CUBA.

July 25, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Yesterday was a most eventful day. We received a large amount of back mail, including your welcome letter and five letters from Mr. Jamison, besides letters from several friends. Our chaplain was able to hold services for the first time since leaving Tampa and our regiment was supplied with fresh beef, the first we have tasted for over a month. As Kirk has told you, we have met Dr. Church, and he has given us several doses of quinine, which I think has been a great help in keeping us free from fever. Mr. Garrison we have not met, but will make his acquaintance to-day. Richard Harding Davis is with the regiment, and has given us several interesting talks. The official surrender was last Monday. On Sunday we broke camp and marched about five miles back in the country, where the ground is higher and water

purer. We are now five miles from Santiago and several troopers are sent in every day for supplies. Our turn will come soon, and we will write you of the city. The stores are open, and we will be able to buy necessities. Tobacco has been very much in demand, and I saw a man pay five dollars for a small package. Last Sunday Kirk traded a small bag of "Durham" for a new pair of government shoes. General Wood is Governor General of the Province of Santiago de Cuba, and has his headquarters in Santiago. Captain Luna is on his staff as interpreter, and our troop is under Lieutenant Ferguson, of K troop, as Lieutenant Keys is now adjutant, and Lieutenant Haskell, our second lieutenant, is in the hospital. He was shot during the first day's fight before Santiago.

Sergeant Damie, of E troop, was promoted to second lieutenant of our troop, but he is in the hospital with malarial fever and as Sergeant Sherman is on his way home, we are without officers. MacIlhenny has been promoted to a sergeant, and the boys expect him to be made a lieutenant very soon, as he is popular, and understands tactics thoroughly. We have written you often, but as the mail service is poor, expect you have not received all our letters. The postmaster at Siboney died with a fever a few weeks ago and some-

one ordered the mail, both incoming and outgoing, burned. There has been a great deal of trouble about it, as it could have been disinfected and sent without any risk. Everything has been horribly mixed up, and our commissary has had all he could do keeping our regiment supplied with food. Things are running smoother since the boats have been able to unload at Santiago, and we hope to get mail oftener. Yesterday we were ordered to *floor* our tents, and parties composed of three or four men with a "non com" were sent out after bamboo. While going through the woods, the party we were in unexpectedly found a small clearing covered with corn, lima beans and cucumbers, and we found enough corn and beans to supply our mess. They certainly tasted good, as we have received no vegetables since leaving the transports, and hardtack and bacon become monotonous after a few weeks. There is a steep hill two hundred yards from camp, from the top of which we can get a splendid view of the entire city and harbor. It is a hard climb, but the view pays for the trouble.

The Cubans have not been allowed to loot the town, and as a consequence threaten to make trouble. They have withdrawn to the hills and promise to make things lively if they are not allowed to do as they please. A cable office has been es-

tablished in Santiago and we will cable you in case either of us is taken sick. Woodbury Kane, lieutenant of K troop, is to-day the most popular man in camp. His sister sent the regiment a large box of tobacco and several cases of canned peaches, and they were issued yesterday. We received a letter from Humphreys, one of the "frat." boys. He noticed on the bulletin board in College Hall, Kirk had been promoted to the sophomore class. Our fraternity debt is about paid off, and we move into our new house some time next month. Only one regiment, the Ninth regulars, I think, have been stationed in the city. The others are on the foothills around the outskirts. The Ninth are quartered in the opera house and are used to police the town. The letter you enclosed us about our clothes mentioned "1st U. S. Cavalry." We will go over there to-day—they are camped near us—and make arrangements to have the box sent over there in case it miscarries and is taken to their camp. A great many letters miscarry if not marked 1st *Volunteer* Cavalry, as the 1st Regular Cavalry is in our division.

Please write often and do not work hard during the warm weather.

Your loving son,

ALLEN.

NEAR SANTIAGO,
SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
CUBA.
July 26, 1898.

DEAR KYD:*—We received your very newsy letter all right, and were very glad to hear from you, and hope you will not be offended at not hearing from us sooner, but things are always in confusion, that is until we came to this camp, where it is pretty comfortable.

You have heard all about the scraps, so that it is no use writing about them, as I could not be able to write all I would like to tell you about Uncle Sam's hunting parties. All I can say is that they are very interesting and exciting. It would do you good to be here and see the mules; there are hundreds of them—great big flop-eared lanky simples, which carry big packs of eatables, about a hundred in a flock, without any rider or bridle, but they all follow a mare with a bell around her neck, and go in single file, like geese. There are about five men to a hundred mules, and they travel in this order everywhere, even carrying ammunition into the battle, where a good many are killed, but they face the bullets like heroes. Then there are four, six, eight and ten-mule teams which would delight you to drive; they are all

* A Cousin.

driven with one rein and a lot of cussing, which I guess you could acquire with ease in this camp.

Every one is eagerly looking forward now to coming home, as our work on this end of the island is over. Gad, what a time we will have when we get home! And I think I can push the chainless all the faster for this spell off. How is your wheel? Don't stop riding, as we will begin riding again next summer.

The weather here is very funny. The nights are fine and cool, but very dewy, and the breeze continues until about ten o'clock, then it begins to get beastly hot in the sun, but the shade is always pleasant. About four o'clock it rains for an hour, and it knows how to rain in this country, too; then it clears and remains cool the rest of the day.

I suppose you are having a glorious time at Atlantic, eating, drinking and swimming; how I wish we could enjoy it with you! Yet I would rather be here if there's any more scrapping to be done. You ought to see a battle. It would make you feel like about fifteen men all in one. The cannons are firing smoke to burn, men running, firing and yelling, and bugles blowing; and that charge you have read of up San Juan hill was fine; the whole cheese went up with a whoop and drove the greasers out; then we picked them off as they

tried to come out of their rifle pits. Of course they killed lots of our men, but we must have killed three of theirs to one of ours. They are not brave, and fight like the Indians you used to read of, hiding behind bushes, up in trees, crawling through grass and all that. Still, with all their fine work, we have defeated them, and taken their impregnable city, which they boasted of so much. By the way, this is Spanish paper and envelope I am writing on.

Must close now, hoping you are well and having a good time. Write as often as you can, and address us 1st U. S. Vol. Cavalry, Troop F, Cuba, and they will come all right. Love to you and all.

Your loving cousin,

KIRK.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
July 30, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Your two letters, or rather one from you and one from Lovett, enclosing twenty dollars, received. I went into Santiago to-day as one of a detail on a commissary wagon and bought a few articles, such as handkerchiefs, shoestrings, writing paper, chocolate and condensed milk, and it will certainly be a pleasant change, as we have needed these articles a long

time. There is a rumor current we will soon start for the States, but it sounds too good to be true, although I do not see of what use we can be here after the Spanish prisoners have been sent home. The officers are a splendid looking set of men, but the privates are undergrown and do not look as if they could put up much of a fight, which fact they demonstrated a few weeks ago. Were it not for our daily rain, we could be comparatively comfortable here; as it is, we are continually wet during the day, but manage to keep dry at night, as we have put a floor in our tent, and raised it a few inches off the ground.

With much love. Your loving son,

ALLEN.

NEAR SANTIAGO,
CUBA.
July 30, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—We have received in all twenty dollars from you, and thank you very much; for it is very useful in getting articles of food and clothing, which are to be had in Santiago. We buy cocoa every day, and it is fine as a substitute for coffee, which we have grown tired of.

There are many rumors to-night of our returning to the States. I hope it is true, as we

are all tired of this land and climate, which is very disagreeable, for between the heat and the rain it keeps one in a perpetual drip; but it does not seem to hurt us, as we are in fine health, good appetites, and sleep like tops. The food now is much better; we get bread and fresh beef, potatoes, tomatoes and onions. The other day Allen and I found a garden and had a good mess of corn and lima beans, and now we often buy corn and beans from the Cubans, and so we live pretty well.

There is not much to write to you about, as we are only lying here in camp and doing nothing. Allen and I take long walks every day to keep in health. I hope you are well, and often take a trip down to the shore. Good night, with love and kisses; love to Lou. Your obedient son,

KIRK.

P. S.—If you can, send us money once in awhile,—it comes in very handy for extras.

KIRK.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
July 31, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Nothing important has happened since our letters a few days ago, but as a great many letters miscarry, I will write you another, in case you should not receive our for-

mer ones. Shafter has issued a notice to the effect that as soon as the fever abates, our regiment will be transported to the States. There is a rumor to-day we will be sent to Hempstead Plains, Long Island, but some think we will be shipped to a camping ground on the Maine Coast. The fever is a malarial disease, and usually lasts about three or four days; so far we have escaped and hope to reach the States without being on the sick list. Mr. Jamison mentioned in one of his recent letters you were trying to get Kirk a commission.

We still have some money left, as we only buy necessities. Shoes, stockings and blue top shirts were issued yesterday, and we expect our new uniforms and underwear in a few days.

With love. Your loving son,

ALLEN.

DIARY OF CUBAN CAMPAIGN.

"A"

The following is a brief record of the campaign in Cuba, as made by F. Allen McCurdy in his diary, and leaves much to the imagination.

May 26th.—Telegram from Col. Roosevelt at 10 A.M. Left on 4:41 P.M. train for Washington. Dinner with J. Russell Young. 10:43 train for New Orleans.

May 27th.—Atlanta, Ga., 4 P.M. Arrived at New Orleans 10:28.

May 29th.—Arrived San Antonio, Texas, 7:25 A.M. Examined and sworn in; bought uniform; reported at stock yard at 1 P.M.; assigned to Troop F, 2nd Squadron, Capt. Luna. In stock yard all afternoon and night.

May 30th.—Left for Tampa at 3:30 A.M. On train all day.

May 31st.—Arrived at New Orleans.

June 1st.—Left New Orleans.

June 2nd.—Train all day and stable guard all night.

June 3rd.—Arrived at Tampa and unloaded horses.

F. ALLEN McCURDY.

J. KIRK McCURDY.

June 4th.—Camp.

June 5th.—Camp.

June 6th.—Camp. Slept on arms all night.

June 7th.—Paid off. Slept on R. R. tracks.

June 8th, 4 A.M.—Left for Point Tampa in coal cars. Went aboard transport *Yucatan* No. 8, anchored in bay.

June 9th.—Went back to dock.

June 10th.—In bay all night.

June 11th.—Anchored in bay.

June 12th.—Anchored in bay.

June 13th.—Ran down bay three miles and anchored.

June 14th.—Started at 4 P.M. with 30 transports and 4 war ships.

June 15th.—At sea.

June 16th.—At sea; joined by more war ships.

June 17th.—At sea; sighted land, light house, and islands.

June 18th.—At sea.

June 19th.—At sea.

June 20th.—Off Cuba.

June 21st.—Off Santiago; steamed thirty miles up coast; laid off shore all balance of day.

June 22nd.—Landed at S. A. I. Co.'s wharf twelve o'clock; small settlement called Daiquiri; fleet shelled the place and Spaniards left; Cubans arrived.

June 23rd.—Siboney; three days' rations; forced march of 10 miles.

June 24th.—Forced march. 5 A.M., battle Las Guasimas; drove Spaniards from ambush. 7-9 A.M., 60 men of regiment wounded and killed. 12 wounded, 1 killed, 2 mortally wounded in Troop F. Camped over night in battle ground. Assisted bringing in wounded and killed.

June 25th.—Buried killed; assisted carrying wounded to sea coast; light artillery, cavalry and infantry joined us.

June 26th.—Marched five miles and camped within nine miles of Santiago. On guard; assisted capturing spies; had long talk with R. Harding Davis.

June 27th.—Outpost duty; assisted capturing spies.

June 28th.—Outpost duty.

June 29th.—Camp duty.

June 30th.—Broke camp and moved three miles toward Santiago; stationed directly behind battery.

July 1st.—Battle opened 6:30 A.M. Fighting all day. Dug pits all night. Beginning of San Juan fight. Our troops suffered severely.

July 2nd.—Firing commenced at daylight; held position all day; brother had sunstroke; assisted carrying him off field to hospital.

July 3rd.—Spanish flag of truce raised 10 A.M.; digging trenches all day.

July 4th.—In camp.

July 5th.—In camp.

July 6th.—In trenches, 4-10 P.M.

July 7th.—In trenches, 4-10 A.M.

July 8th.—Digging extra rifle pits.

July 9th.—In trenches all night.

July 10th.—Sunday, out of trenches 4 A.M. 4:40 P.M. brother returned from hospital; commenced firing. Spaniards did not reply heavily.

July 11th.—Battle opened at 5 A.M. Moved camp 1 P.M. three miles. Rifle pits 8 P.M.

July 12th.—6:30 A.M. out of pits; heavy rain all night of 11th; in trenches midnight.

July 13th.—Hospital detail; rifle pits midnight.

July 14th.—Out of pits 6 A.M.

July 15th.—Main guard 5:30 A.M. to 6:45 P.M.

July 16th.—Fatigue duty, digging well.

July 17th.—American flag raised over Santiago at noon; rifle pits two hours. Spaniards stacked arms 11:45 A.M.

July 18th.—Changed camp; occupied Spanish block house on hill overlooking Santiago and harbor.

July 19th.—Digging road.

July 20th.—Brother in hospital. This is the first time we had fresh beef since June 6th.

July 23rd.—With brother in hospital.

July 25th.—Assisting putting floor in tent.

July 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th.—Guard duty.

July 29th.—Went into Santiago with Damie.

July 30th.—Blue shirts and shoes issued.

July 31st.—Received two pairs stockings.

August 1st, 2nd.—Camp duty.

August 3rd.—Received two undershirts.

August 4th.—Orders to move.

August 5th, 6th.—Camp duty.

August 7th.—March three miles to R. R. trains to Santiago. Went aboard transport *Miami.*

August 8th.—Sailed for Montauk.

August 9th, 10th, 11th.—At sea.

August 12th.—Funeral at sea.

August 13th.—At sea.

August 14th.—Sighted land.

August 15th.—Landed at Montauk.

August 16th, 17th, 18th.—Detention camp.

August 19th.—Ten days' furlough.

August 21st.—Home sick with fever.

August 29th.—Brother returned to Montauk.

September 2nd.—Brother home from camp.

September 11th.—Returned to camp.

September 14th.—Mustered out at 5 P.M.

Medal made for Rough Riders after they were mustered out

NOTE.—"There were several pairs of brothers with us; of the two Nortons, one was killed; of the two McCurdys one was wounded."—*From the Rough Riders.*

Colonel Roosevelt made this report, believing that Kirk McCurdy, having been carried from the field, was wounded, which was a mistake, as it was sunstroke which disabled him, although a bullet had passed through his hat.

A number of noteworthy incidents took place during the service of these two Rough Riders, which are most interesting and unusual.

Parents and friends were very anxious to get news from Cuba, and to learn of the arrival of supplies which were constantly being forwarded. Mr. McCurdy was most constant in his devotion to his sons, and endeavored to communicate with almost every one returning from the seat of war.

The horrible experiences of the soldiers on the hospital ships going to Montauk beggars description. After their arrival there, the McCurdy boys were granted a ten days' furlough.

Owing to their father's thoughtfulness, in sending them beautiful new uniforms of the best quality, they were enabled to start for New York in comfort. Upon taking the train, an old gentleman sitting opposite eyed them critically and ventured

to say, "What a pity you boys had no chance to see any service in this late war." Whereupon one of them replied, "We were only volunteers, sir." The old gentleman inquired as to what regiment they were in. The reply came: "First Cavalry." The stranger, being ignorant of the First Cavalry, asked of what it consisted, and who the officers were. The boys modestly replied that the First Cavalry was known as the Rough Riders, under Theodore Roosevelt. The old gentleman was profuse in his apologies, and yet appeared to be so embarrassed that he excused himself and took another seat in the car, to the amusement of the crowd which surrounded them.

An admirer who was standing near remarked to the old gentleman: "You can never tell how far a frog can jump by his looks."

Arriving at Long Island City the lads proceeded to indulge in the luxury of a "shine." Imagine their amazement when the bootblacks positively refused to receive any money from them. They entered a restaurant and after testing, with remarkable avidity, all the goodies of which they had been so long deprived, they called for their bill, and were promptly informed that the proprietor could receive no recompense and would be honored and happy to further serve them with anything they might wish.

That night they went to a theatre. A long line of people were waiting in turn to purchase tickets, and they heard the man in front of them ask for a seat and was told there were none left. When the young Rough Riders presented themselves before the window they asked for standing room.

"Why standing room?" asked the cashier.

"You told the man ahead of us there were no seats."

"So I did," said the ticket seller. "But *you* can't buy any seats; here's a box, with the compliments of the theatre, and even that isn't good enough for you."

On the occasion of the Naval Review in New York Harbor, the New York Yacht Club chartered a special steamer to meet the American war ships. Mr. J. M. McCurdy, their father, being a member of that Club, his two sons and two other members of the Rough Riders were invited to witness the Review from the club boat. The boys wore their Rough Rider uniforms, and attracted so much attention, and were the recipients of so many congratulations and courtesies, that it was noted in the newspapers, and particularly in the New York *Herald,* which said they had received as many congratulations and were the objects of as much interest and attention as the man-of-war, which so proudly steamed up the Hudson.

Another incident which was never published took place during the Anniversary exercises of the St. Paul School, when Governor Roosevelt went up from Albany to give out the prizes. At the conclusion of one of his speeches, Governor Roosevelt was told that one of the students had two cousins with the Rough Riders, and he asked to meet him. Upon the student being introduced to him, he remarked that he remembered the McCurdy boys very well, and said: "They were two boys who joined of their own free will, and went into the ranks willingly, and without asking for a commission."

Upon several occasions, President Roosevelt has complimented the McCurdy boys, and particularly mentioned them in his book entitled "The Rough Riders."

. . . . . .

I see "Teddy" Roosevelt is still culling the pick from our young fellows. Last week it was Howard Young, the son of Librarian John Russell Young, who, before his father went to Washington, attended school in this city, where he made many warm friends. This week it is two of Young's old classmates at Cheltenham, Allen and Kirk McCurdy. They determined to join the "Rough Riders" as soon as they heard of Young's enlistment. They are the sons of my friend, John M.

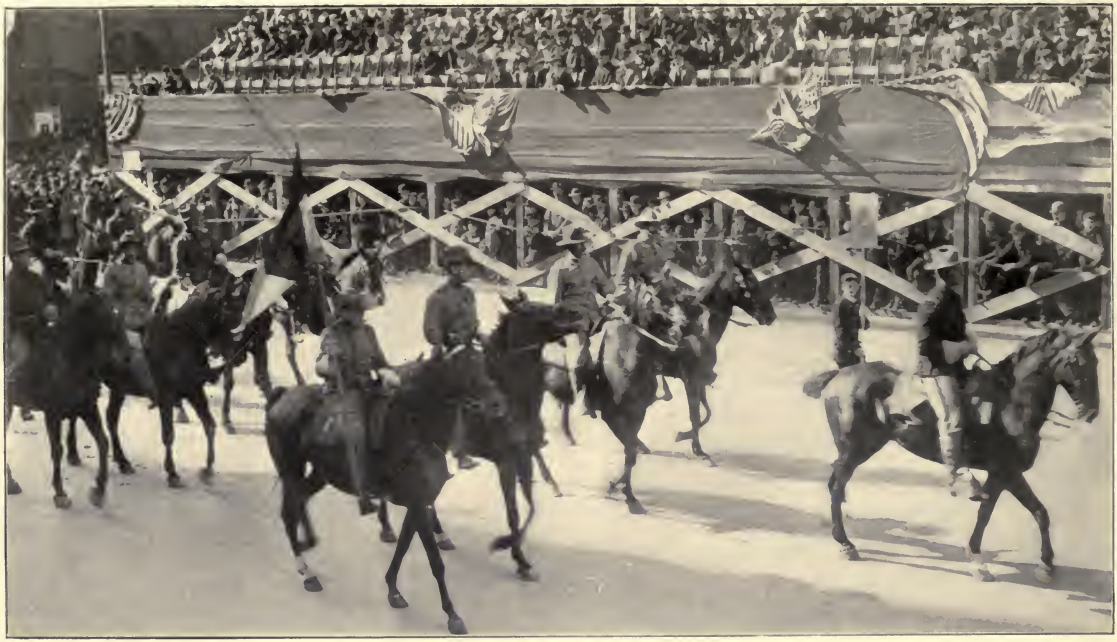
McCurdy, of the Union League. He tried to dissuade them but had to give in. Last week the two boys left their course as juniors in the University of Pennsylvania, and on Thursday evening started for San Antonio to join Roosevelt's troop. These three young men have been known among their Philadelphia friends as "The Inseparables," and I suppose they do not intend to allow anything like war to separate them. Col. Roosevelt has acquired a trio who will do honor to the United States and to their regiment. My best wishes go with these youthful defenders of their country.—Washington Correspondent, *Philadelphia Star.*

PHILADELPHIA BOYS IN GUANTANAMO FIGHT.

ALLEN AND KIRK McCURDY IN THE RANKS OF TEDDY'S ROUGH RIDERS.

Among the gallant troopers who covered themselves with undying glory in the ranks of Roosevelt's Rough Riding Rangers at the battle of Guantanamo were two Philadelphia boys, F. Allen McCurdy and J. Kirk McCurdy, sons of J. M. McCurdy. The elder, Allen, is barely twenty-one, and his brother has not yet reached that period of adolescence, but they are patriots to the backbone. As soon as the idea of the organization of the Rough Riders was promulgated, the boys leaped at the chance of joining them, and before the regiment left San Antonio, Texas, for Tampa, they were in the ranks of Troop F, which troop was, according to the dispatches, in the very thick of the Guantanamo engagement, under Captain Maximilian Luna.

Nearly the whole troop was recruited in New Mexico, the McCurdy boys being among the few



Squad of Rough Riders.—Peace Jubilee, Philadelphia, October 27th, 1898.

enlisting from the East, reaching San Antonio the day before the troop left for Tampa.

Both boys were students at the University of Pennsylvania, having just entered last fall, Allen in the department of music and Kirk taking the regular course. Both are now facing the music of Mauser rifles in Spanish hands.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SERVED WITH ROOSEVELT.

TWO PHILADELPHIA BOYS WHO QUIT COLLEGE TO ENTER THE RANKS.

Privates F. Allen McCurdy and J. Kirk McCurdy are the only Pennsylvania boys who served with Roosevelt's Rough Riders. They are sons of John M. McCurdy, and left their studies at the University to enter the volunteer cavalry.

They joined the Rough Riders at San Antonio, Texas, a few days before going to Tampa, and were therefore fortunate not to be left in Florida with most of the later recruits. They are members of Troop "F" and were in the thickest of the fight at Las Guasimas. They escaped without a scratch, although out of their squad of ten men, five were wounded and one killed. This fight was on Kirk's twentieth birthday, and as a present from the Spanish, he cherishes the key escutcheon of the blockhouse, which was the enemy's stronghold there.

They were also in the three days' fight at Santiago, and escaped unharmed, save for scratches from cacti and wire fences. After that and be-

fore their return to this country Kirk was in the hospital twice, the first time having malarial fever, and the second suffering from sunstroke.

Both boys went to Cheltenham Academy, where Kirk was advanced to the rank of captain. At the University both were members of the Houston Club and the Mandolin and Guitar Club, while Allen in 1897 was on the cricket and foot-ball teams. Their only regret in their experience as soldiers is that they had to leave their horses in Tampa, for the Rough Riders did not ride at all in Cuba.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AMID WHIZZING BULLETS.

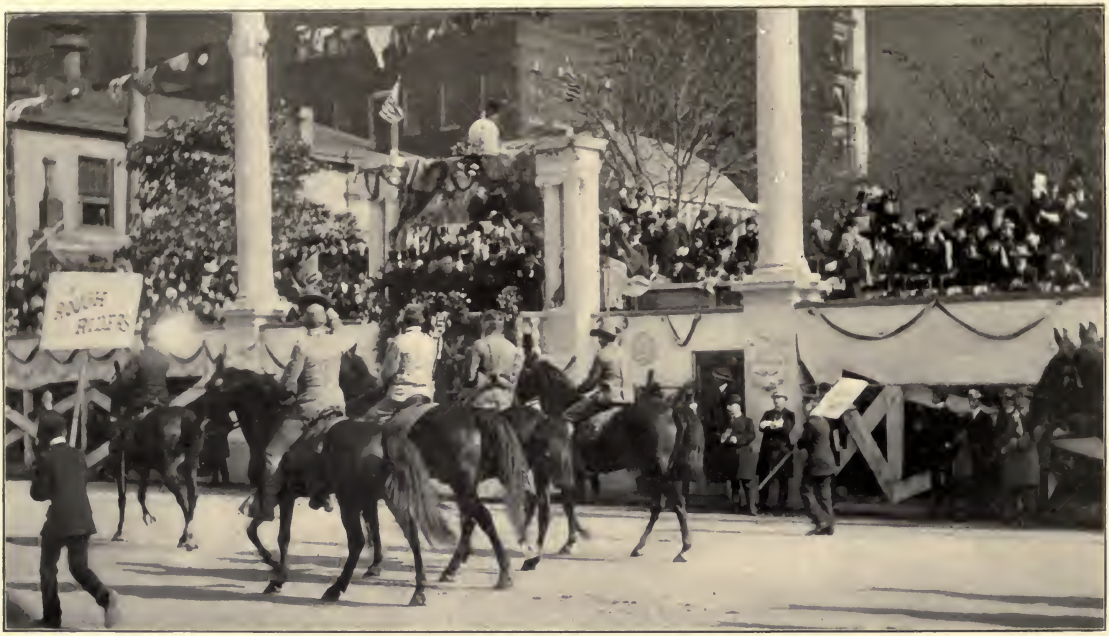
SONS OF JOHN M. McCURDY WITH ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS.

Chester Countians will read with interest the following story, relating the experience of Kirk and Allen McCurdy, two young sons of John McCurdy, of the Chester Springs Stock Farm, in West Pikeland Township, who some weeks ago joined Roosevelt's Rough Riders and went to the front.

In a communication received from the boys to their father in Philadelphia, they made the following reference to their experience during the first charge of the Rough Riders near Santiago de Cuba:—

"The experience was one we shall never forget and the fighting was fierce. The Spaniards were mostly in ambush, and it was almost impossible for us to do effective service during the charge.

"Comrades on each side of me were shot down



Rough Riders passing stand erected opposite the Union League Club, Philadelphia, being reviewed by President McKinley. The Peace Jubilee, October 27th, 1898.

The squadron, being without arms, placed their hats over their hearts in saluting the President. (An uncommon military salute.)

The one on the extreme right, carrying the troop's guidon, is Allen, his brother Kirk being the first to the left. The squadron was commanded by Lieut. Keyes. He was mustered out as adjutant to the regiment, and was Allen's and Kirk's guest on this occasion.

by Spanish bullets," continued Kirk McCurdy, in writing of the fight, "and a bullet went through my hat." Allen had quite a narrow escape by the flying missiles, too, his clothing being pierced by a bullet.—*Westchester* (Pa.) *Local.*

TWO OF ROOSEVELT'S MEN.

THE McCURDY BOYS, WHO SAW HARD SERVICE IN CUBA, HOME ON A FURLOUGH.

Two of Roosevelt's famous terrors arrived in Philadelphia yesterday on a ten days' furlough. They are the sons of John M. McCurdy, of this city. Of their experience in Cuba they had little to say. They were much more anxious to know what had been going on here.

Military and naval circles are well represented here, men belonging to both these branches of Uncle Sam's defensive and aggressive elements being here in numbers. The greater proportion of them are convalescents, who are in search of the healthful qualities of the salt air. As they walk along the esplanade, they never fail to attract attention and admiration; the former being caused by their military garb and the latter for the grave and good cause for which it was donned.

Among those observed were F. Allen McCurdy and J. Kirk McCurdy of Philadelphia, who were numbered among the heroes in the battle before Santiago, being members of Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Both are Quaker cityites, being sons of John M. McCurdy. They are domiciled at Haddon Hall, where they will linger a week or so.—*Atlantic City* (N. J.) *Review.*

THE END.

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